



Ulrich Middeldorf

OF TASTE,
IN
EPISTLE

TO THE
HONOURABLE LORD OF HIGHWAYMEN
BY MR. P. P. P.

1. Ausgabe
verschieden
von der aufgeführten
Fassung.

259

Of TASTE,
A N
EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

RICHARD Earl of *BURLINGTON*,

By Mr. P O P E.



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A N
E P I S T L E
T O T H E

Right Honourable
RICHARD Earl of *BURLINGTON*.

Occasion'd by his Publishing *PALLADIO's* Designs of
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ROME.

By Mr. *P O P E*.



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A N
E P I S T L E

To the Right Honourable

RICHARD Earl of *BURLINGTON*.

TIS strange, the Miser should his Cares employ
To *gain* those Riches he can ne'er *enjoy* :
Is it less strange, the Prodigal should *waste*
His Wealth to purchase what he ne'er can *taste* ?
Not for himself he fees, or hears, or eats ;
Artists must chuse his Pictures, Music, Meats :
He buys for *Topham* Drawings and Designs,
For *Fountain* Statues, and for *Curio* Coins,
Rare Monkish Manuscripts for *Hearne* alone,
And Books for *Mead*, and Rarities for *Sloan*.

B

Think

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Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine Wife (my Lord) or finer Whore.

For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted?
Only to shew *how many* Tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir *Shylock*'s ill-got Wealth to waste?
Some Dæmon whisper'd, "*Knights* shou'd have a *Taste*."
Heav'n visits with a *Taste* the wealthy Fool,
And needs no Rod, but *S—d* with a Rule.
See sportive Fate, to punish aukward Pride,
Bids *Babo* build, and sends him such a Guide:
A standing Sermon! at each Year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence.

Oft have ~~have~~ you hinted to your Brother Peer,
A certain Truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is, more needful than Expence,
And something previous ev'n to Taste — 'Tis *Sense*;
Good Sense, which only is the Gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the Seven.
A Light, which in *yourself* you must perceive;
* *Jones* and † *Le Nôtre* have it not to give.

* Inigo Jones. † The famous Artist who design'd the best Gardens in France; and plant'd Greenwich and St. James's Parks, &c.

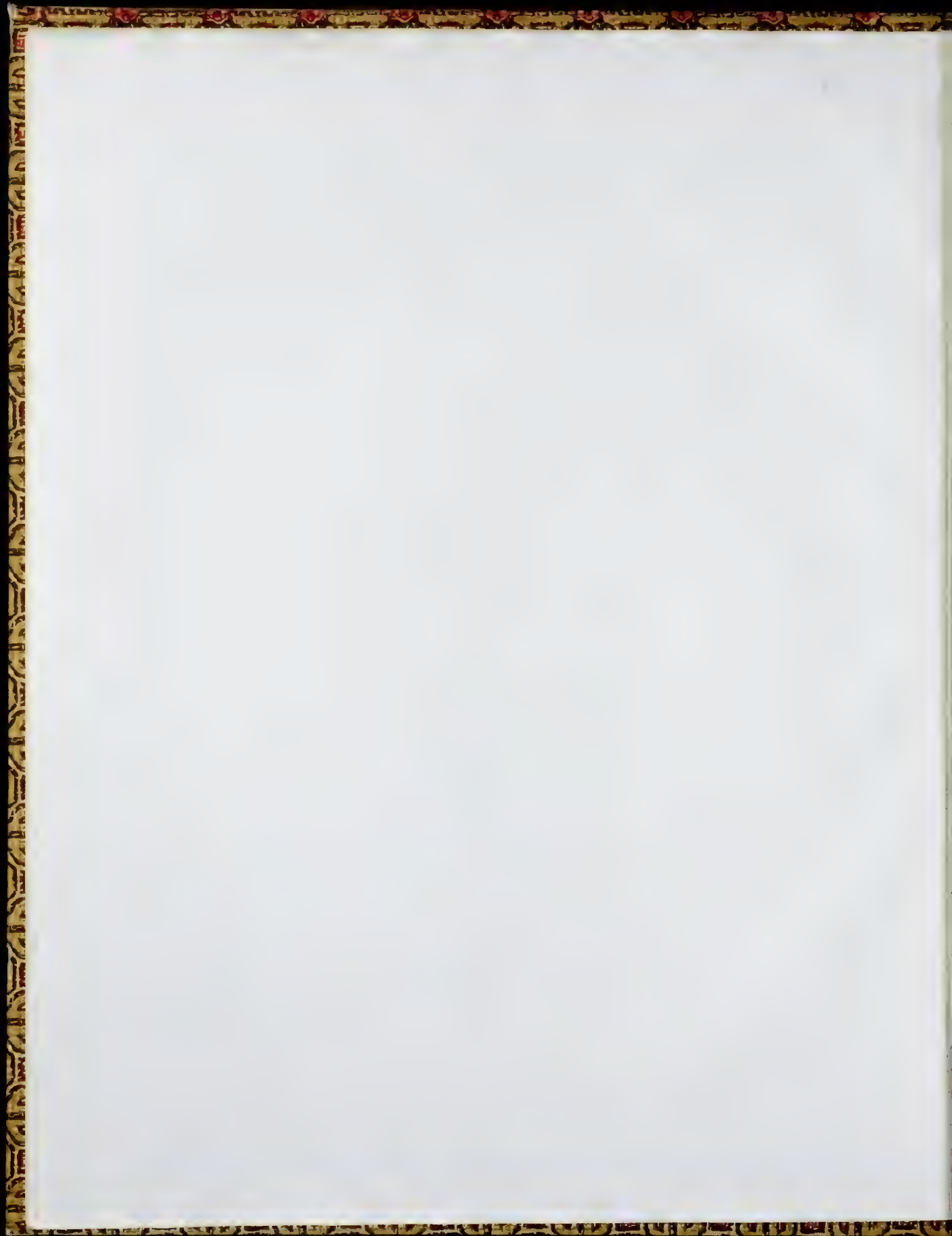
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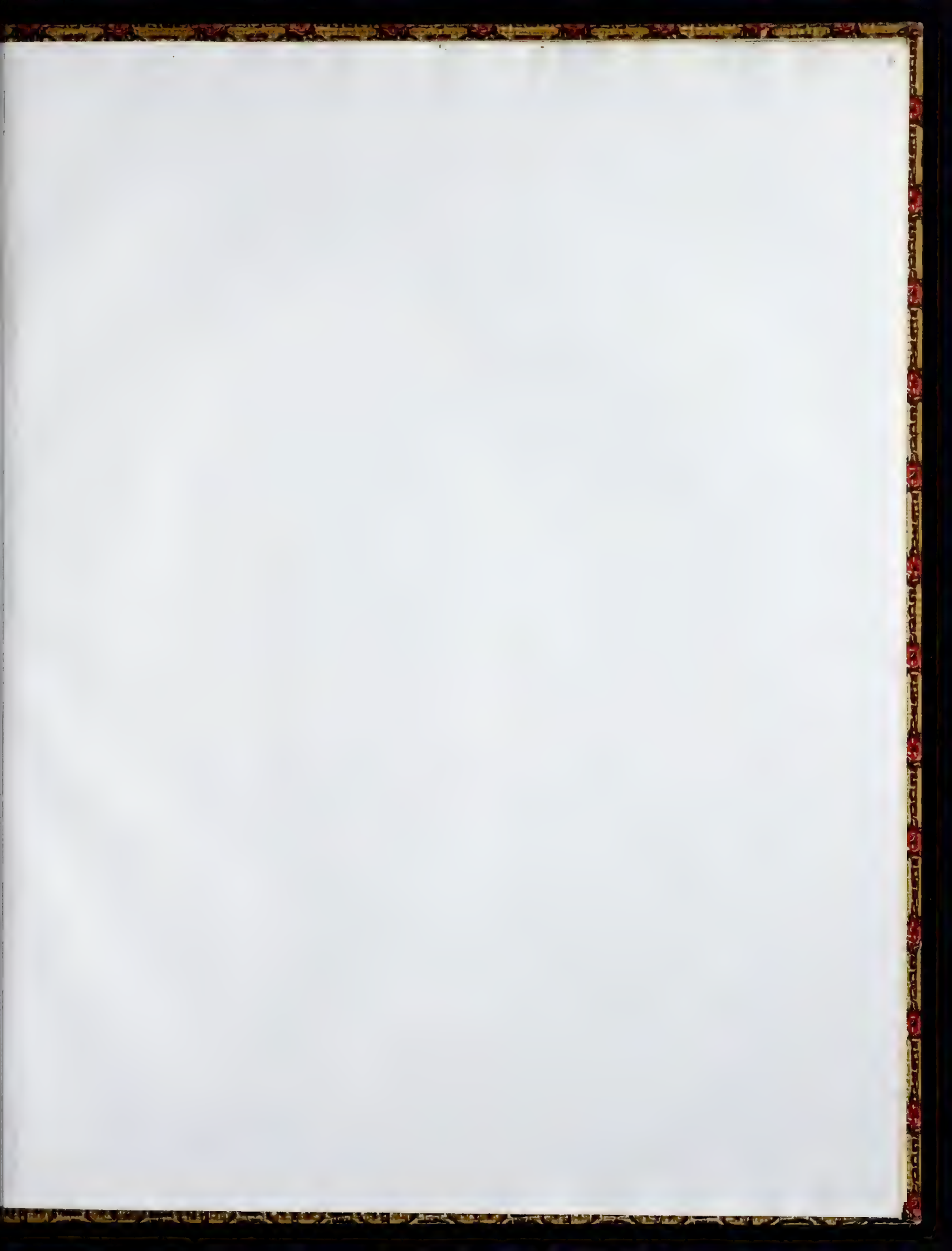
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
 To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot;
 In all, let *Nature* never be forgot.
 Consult the *Genius* of the *Place* in all,
 That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall,
 Or helps th' ambitious Hill the Heav'ns to scale,
 Or scoops in circling Theatres the Vale,
 Calls in the Country, catches opening Glades,
 Joins willing Woods, and varies Shades from Shades,
 Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and as you work, *Designs*.

Begin with *Sense*, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
 Parts answ'ring Parts, shall slide into a Whole,
 Spontaneous Beauties all around advance,
 Start, ev'n from *Difficulty*, strike, from *Chance*;
Nature shall join you; *Time* shall make it grow
 A Work to wonder at — perhaps a * *STOW*.

Without it, proud *Versailles*! thy Glory falls,
 And *Nero's* Terrasses desert their Walls:

* *The Seat and Gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire.*





The vast *Parterres* a thousand hands shall make,
 Lo! *Bridgman* comes, and floats them with a *Lake* :
 Or cut wide *Views* thro' Mountains to the Plain,
 You'll wish your Hill, and shelter'd Seat, again.

Behold *Villario's* ten-years Toil compleat,
 His *Quincunx* darkens, his *Espaliers* meet,
 The Wood supports the Plain ; the Parts unite,
 And strength of Shade contends with strength of Light ;
 His bloomy Beds a waving Glow display,
 Blushing in bright Diversities of Day,
 With silver-quiv'ring Rills mæander'd o'er —
 — Enjoy them, you ! *Villario* can no more ;
 Tir'd of the Scene *Parterres* and Fountains yield,
 He finds at last he better likes a Field.

Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd *Sabinus* stray'd,
 Or fate delighted in the thick'ning Shade,
 With annual Joy the red'ning Shoots to greet,
 And see the stretching Branches long to meet !
 His Son's fine Taste an op'ner *Vista* loves,
 Foe to the *Dryads* of his Father's Groves,

One

One *boundless Green* or *flourish'd Carpet* views,
 With all the mournful Family of *Tews* ;
 The thriving Plants ignoble Broomsticks made
 Now sweep those Allies they were born to shade.

Yet hence the *Poor* are cloth'd, the *Hungry* fed ;
Health to himself, and to his Infants *Bread*
 The Lab'rer bears ; What thy hard Heart denies,
 Thy charitable Vanity supplies.
 Another Age shall see the golden Ear
 Imbrown thy Slope, and nod on thy Parterre,
 Deep Harvests bury all thy Pride has plann'd,
 And laughing *Ceres* re-assume the Land.

At *Timon's Villa* let us pass a Day,
 Where all cry out, " What Sums are thrown away !
 So proud, so grand, of that stupendous Air,
Soft and *Agreeable* come never there.
 Greatness, with *Timon*, dwells in such a Draught
 As brings all *Brobdignag* before your Thought :
 To compass this, his Building is a Town,
 His Pond an Ocean, his Parterre a Down ;

C

Who





Who but must laugh the Master when he sees?
 A puny Insect, shiv'ring at a Breeze!
 Lo! what huge Heaps of Littlenefs around!
 The Whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground!
 Two *Cupids* squirt before: A Lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the Northern Wind.
 His *Gardens* next your Admiration call,
 On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall!
 No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
 No artful Wildenefs to perplex the Scene:
 Grove nods at Grove, each Ally has a Brother,
 And half the Platform just reflects the other.
 The suff'ring Eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as Trees,
 With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
 And there a Summer-house, that knows no Shade.
 Here *Amphitrite* fails thro' Myrtle bow'rs;
 Then † *Gladiators* fight, or die, in flow'rs;
 Un-water'd see the drooping Sea-horse mourn,
 And Swallows roost in *Nilus'* dusty Urn.

† *The two famous Statues of the Gladiator pugnans, & Gladiator moriens.*

Behold!

Behold ! my Lord advances o'er the Green,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen :
 But soft — by regular approach — not yet —
 First thro' the length of yon hot Terras sweat,
 And when up ten steep Slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
 Just at his Study-door he'll blefs your Eyes.

His *Study* ? with what Authors is it stor'd ?
 In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord ;
 To all their *dated Backs* he turns you round,
 These *Aldus* printed, those *Du Suëil* has bound.
 Lo some are *Vellom*, and the rest as good
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are *Wood*.
 For *Lock* or *Milton* 'tis in vain to look,
 These Shelves admit not any Modern book.

And now the Chappel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r :
 Light Quirks of Musick, broken and uneven,
 Make the Soul dance upon a Jig to Heaven.
 On painted Cielings you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the Saints of *Verrio*, or *Laguerre*,

On





On gilded Clouds in fair expansion lie,
 And bring all Paradife before your Eye.
 To Rest, the Cushion, and soft *Dean* invite,
 Who never mentions Hell to Ears polite.

But hark! the chiming Clocks to Dinner call;
 A hundred Footsteps scrape the marble Hall:
 The rich Buffet well-colour'd *Serpents* grace,
 And gaping *Tritons* spew to wash your Face.
 Is this a Dinner? this a Genial Room?
 No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb;
 A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in State,
 You drink by Measure, and to Minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying Course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there:
 Between each Act the trembling Salvers ring,
 From Soup to Sweetwine, and *God blefs the King*.
 In Plenty starving, tantaliz'd in State,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, carefs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
 Sick of his civil Pride, from Morn to Eve;

I curse

I curse such lavish Cost, and little Skill,
And swear, no Day was ever past so ill.

In you, my *Lord*, Taste sanctifies Expence,
For Splendor borrows all her Rays from Sense.
You show us, *Rome* was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous Buildings once were things of use.
Just as they are, yet shall your noble Rules
Fill half the Land with *Imitating Fools*,
Who random Drawings from your Sheets shall take,
And of one Beauty many Blunders make ;
Load some vain Church with old Theatric State ;
Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate ;
Reverse your Ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd Doghole ek'd with Ends of Wall,
Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,
And lac'd with bits of Rustic, 'tis a Front :
Shall call the Winds thro' long Arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a *Venetian* door ;
Conscious they act a true *Palladian* part,
And if they starve, they starve by Rules of Art.

D

Yet





Yet thou proceed ; be fallen Arts thy care,
 Erect new Wonders, and the Old repair,
Jones and *Palladio* to themselves restore,
 And be whate'er *Vitruvius* was before :
 Till Kings call forth th' Idea's of thy Mind,
 Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,
 Bid Harbors open, publick Ways extend,
 And Temples, worthier of the God, ascend ;
 Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
 The Mole projected break the roaring Main ;
 Back to his bounds their subject Sea command,
 And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land :
 These Honours, Peace to happy *Britain* brings,
 These are Imperial Works, and worthy *Kings*.

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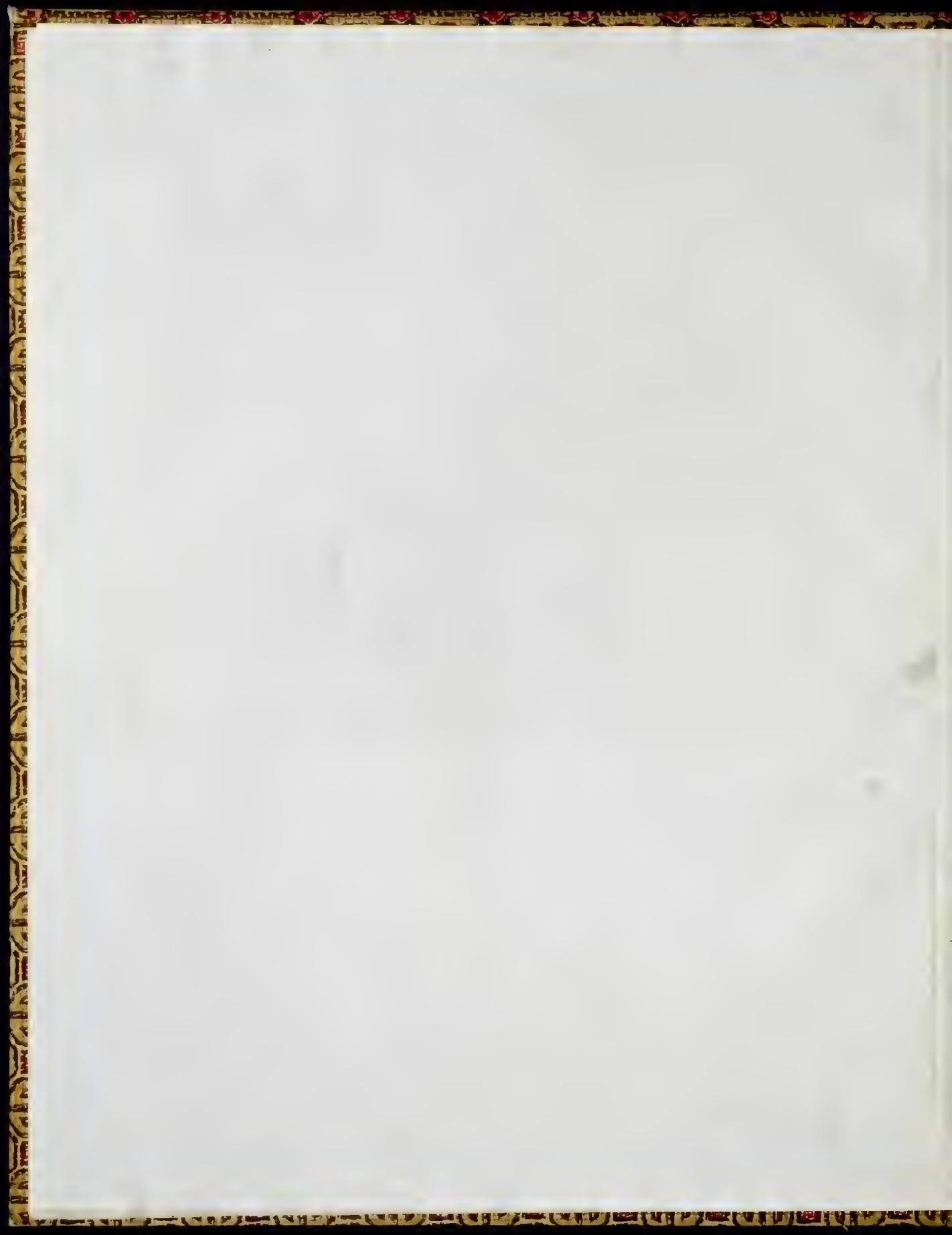
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